

BAYES FOR OVR DAYES.

*Shall Men be mute, when Heaven, and earth doe sing,
Glory to God, and Honour to our King?*



LONDON,
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B A Y E S

F O R

O V E R

D A Y S



L O N D O N

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the Bodleian Press, in
the Strand, near the Temple Church.
1844.



To the Right Wor-
thy, Worshipfull, and
Religiously affected Esquire,
NICHOLAS BACON;
one of his Majesties Iustices of
the P E A C E.

SIR,



I being not onely your Office, but
also your desire, to defend his Ma-
jesties Peace to your Power: Consi-
dering the now established Peace of
our late disturbed publicke State: I
know it can not but much delight
your eares to heare it, but more your
eyes to behold it. Whereupon, presuming on your pardon,
I doe thus intrude upon your Patronage: that these my
few lines (as so many Bay leaves, or selected branches,
gathered to decke a Garland for these our dayes, wherein
victory in Peace, incites joy to triumph) may, under the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

shelter of your aide, be the better preserved, or kept unblast-
ed by envy, or contemned by ignorance.

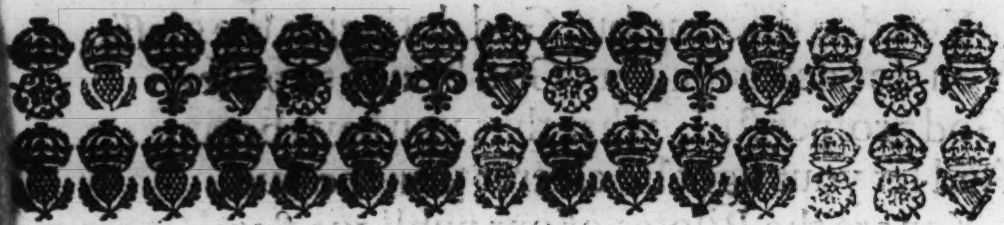
Againe, besides your delight in Peace, in a loyall re-
spect: Your late most loving, and gentle approbation of
my former endeavours in this forme of composing, hath gi-
ven me further encouragement, thus to incroach upon
your courtesie.

Now (together with these) your vertues being such,
that you delight not onely in vertue it selfe, but in all
things conducing to the same; though my Art be but
ignorance; yet herein my ayme is so honest, that I feare
not to trust, you will pardon this my intrusion, and grant
my petition; which is to enjoy the continuance of your fa-
vour: in which I desire to rest,

Your most

humble Servant,

EDVVARD CALVER.



THE AVTHORS INVOCATION.

Most Noble Court of Parliament, proceed,
Those Acts are Noble which you have de-
creed;

Our State which totter'd now begins to stand;
Oh! be supporting Pillars to our Land.

Most Noble Court, thus Nobly imployd,
Two Houses, but one Spirit for your guide:
Your happy concord, is our Kingdomes blisse,
Let hatefull discord not debarre us this.

Most Noble Court, this glory you have gain'd,
The good are free'd, the evill are restrain'd;
And though they be not totally supprest,
Yet let your wisdome strike them dumbe at least.

Most Noble Court, whose Royall head our King
So soone consents to any vertuous thing;
You, under him, write Lawes for other men,
Gods Law direct your hearts, his hand your pen.

Most Noble Court, most honourable Peeres;
And Worthies of our Counties, and our Shires,
As we for Law lye prostrate at your feete,
So you at Gods; there let our Prayers meet.

The Authors Invocation.

You doe discern, but God doth give the glasse;
You doe determine, but God brings to passe:
God prosper still, what thus you have begun,
And let your sight be cleerer than the Sun.

You are the Pilotes of our publique state,
To guide that vessell; oh! your charge is great,
No lesse than the preserving of our Realme;
A weighty worke indeed; God stirre the Helme.

Your wisdomes are like Oracles of right:
Your Vertues are like Lanthornes to give light:
You here like starres, doe out of darknesse shine;
Be Sunnes hereafter, Glorious and Divine.

Bayes



Bayes, for our Dayes.

THe thirsty earth, if satisfi'd with showers,
It decks it selfe to blesse the higher Powers.
The Sun, the Moone, the Starres, those Hea-
venly Tapers,

Shine brightest, lately free'd from cloudy vapours,
And nights blacke curtaines being drawne away,
Most welcome is the ever glad some day.

Shall *Britaine*, or shall *Britaines* then be mute,
When heav'ns have daign'd to answer to your suit?
Hath filld your thirsty heart with the increase
Of heavenly showers, distill'd in dewes of Peace?
Hath light your Lamps, which did but dim appeare,
And turn'd suspected night to day most cleare.

Brave *Britaines* then delight to doe your parts,
Let triumphs show that you have Loyall hearts;
Let not the powers both Royall, and Divine,
Vouchsafe to smile, and yet you doe repine.
Can you be without feeling of our blisse,
In such a yeare of Jubilee as this?

Take notice of your happinesse, and sing
Glory to God, and Honour to our King.

You that in gall, or wormwood steep your braines,
Till they convert into invective straines,
To vent your spleene, is this the fittest time
To fill mens eares with most Satyricke rime;
Or, if you want that faculty, in prose
To pen their falls, whom you account your foes?

As

Bayes, for our Dayes.

As if to marke offenders with a brand,
Or make mens faults the pastime of our Land,
Were either pious, honesty, or yet
A seemely practice for a sober wit?

Consider better, make not foule abuse
The onely dyet to refresh your Muse;
For such as doe on poyson surfet first,
Must either, surely, vent the fame or burst,

But you, the sacred Muses of our dayes,
Who scorne to build on other mens decayes,
Your sublime, or diviner notes are scene
To fly a pitch above a Zoylian spleene:
Why are you mute? why decke you not the stage,
And Temples too, with Garlands for our Age?
Why seeke you not to set forth the renowne
Of joyes beneath, which from above came downe?
It is a Theame, in my conceit, befits
Your most refin'd, yea consecrated wits.

Presumption then in me, it must be sure
To gaze so high, my eye-sight so obscure,
To seeke to set forth such a happy state,
As claimes a sacred rapture to relate.

And here, indeed, I must presumption grant;
I have herein a feeling of my want;
My fate had no such blessing thereupon,
To dip my pen in sacred *Helicon*,
I tasted not, though had an appetite,
Those consecrated Fountaines of delight.

What though? shall I despaire upon the same?
I may have heate within me, though no flame,
Although the Fountaine were not me allow'd,
Some drops were lent, and sent me in a cloud,

Which

